

Peaceful Times.
Fashion no more bloody weapons.
Armorer: stay your active hand;
Rest now from your murderous labor;
Calm and tranquil is the land.
You shall beat the sword to plowshares,
Into pruning-hooks the spears,
For among the troubled nations
Peace her glorious standard rears.
Stealing over land and ocean
Like a stranger from afar;
Quiet is the wild commotion,
Silenced is the cry of war.
Tumult, strife, and discord ending,
Shrinking back before her glance;
Harmony from heaven descending
As her gentle steps advance.
White-robed, she her watch is keeping,
Olive branches in her hand,
And the dogs of war are sleeping
Throughout all the weary land.
Now the nation's mourning daughters
Raise no more their bitter wail;
Ships are sailing on the waters,
Commerce spreads their snowy sail.
Doves are fitting round your dwelling,
Armorer: let your labors cease;
Music o'er the land is swelling,
Whispering words of joy and peace.

DOWN THE COLORADO.

The Story of a Trip Through the Canyon as Told by Major Powell.

When Major Powell and his party set out in their boats to descend the Colorado river, which dashed over falls and precipices through a narrow channel, with walls of solid granite or marble, in some places fully a mile in height, on each bank, the expedition was looked upon as full of dangers. The Major and his party went through and the story is told by the leader of the party in *Scribner's* magazine. While told in a vein of exceeding modesty it is yet full of thrilling interest.
Major Powell tells us that they encountered dangers along the whole route, but the men of the party showed no signs of holding back, however dark and dismal or full of terrors the new canyon they were about to enter might be, until the perilous voyage was near its end. They then came to one canyon that was evidently more full of dangers than any they had passed.
Capt. Howland, of the party, and three men declared that they would not attempt its passage. Major Powell fully comprehended the danger before him, but he felt that unless the passage of this canyon was attempted, his long and perilous trip was not accomplished, and he determined to go on. The night before the leader did not and could not sleep, so important seemed the occasion, and so great the excitement within him.
He made his preparations as though feeling that he and his party were not to come out of the abyss alive. One set of the records was given to Capt. Howland and his men, who were to go around by land. Letters were given them to friends at home, and keepakes were entrusted to Capt. Howland. Major Powell says, too, that some tears were shed at parting, each party believing that the other was taking the most dangerous way, and that they would not meet again. Now let Major Powell tell the story of the trip:
My old boat having been deserted, I went on board "The Maid of the Canyon." The three men climbed a crag that overhung the river, to watch us off. The "Maid" pushed out, we glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, just grazing one great rock, pulled out a little into the chute of the second fall, and plunged over it. The open compartment was filled when we struck the first wave below, but we went through it, and then the men pulled with all their power toward the left wall and swung clear of the dangerous rock below.
We were scarcely a minute in running it, and found that, although it looked bad from above, we had passed many places that were worse. The other boat followed without more difficulty.
We landed at the first practicable point below, fired our guns as a signal to the men above that we had gone over in safety, and remained a couple of hours, hoping they would take the smaller boat and follow us. We were behind a curve in the canyon and could not see up to where we left them. As they did not come we pushed on again. Until noon we had a succession of rapids and falls, all of which we ran in safety.
Just after dinner we came to another bad place. A little stream came in from the left, and below there was a fall, and still below another. Above, the river tumbled down over and among the rocks in whirlpools and great waves, and the waters were white with foam. We ran along the left, above this, and soon saw that we could not get down on that side, but it seemed possible to let down on the other, so we pulled up stream for two or three hundred yards and crossed. There was a bed of basalt on this northern side of the canyon, with a bold escarpment that seemed to be a hundred feet high. We could climb it and walk along its summit to a point where we were just at the head of the fall. Here the basalt seemed to be broken down again, and I directed the men to take a line to the top of the cliff and let the boats down along the wall. One man remained in the boat to keep her clear of the rocks and prevent her line from being caught on the projecting angles. I climbed the cliff and passed along to a point just over the fall, and descended by broken rocks, and found that the break of the fall was above the break of the wall, so that we could not land, and that still below the river was very bad, and there was no possibility of a portage. Without waiting further to examine and determine what should be done, I hastened back to the top of the cliff to stop the boats from coming down. When I arrived I found the men had let one of them down to the head of the fall; she was in swift water and they were not able to pull her back, nor were they able to go on with the line, as it was not long enough to reach the higher part of the cliff which was just before them; so they took a light around a crag, and I sent two men back for the other line.
The boat was in very swift water, and Bradley was standing in the open compartment holding out his oar to prevent

her from striking against the foot of the cliff. Now she shot out into the stream and up as far as the line would permit, and then wheeling, drove headlong against the rock; the oar and back again, now straining on the line, now striking against the cliff. As soon as the second line was brought we passed it down to him, but his attention was all taken up with his own situation, and he did not see what we were doing. I stood on a projecting rock waving my hat to gain his attention, for my voice was drowned by the roaring of the falls, when just at that moment I saw him take his knife from his sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had evidently decided that it was better to go over with his boat as it was, than to wait for her to be broken to pieces. As he leaned over, the boat sheered again into the stream, the stern-post broke away, and she was loose. With perfect composure Bradley seized the great scull oar, placed it in the stern row-lock, and pulled with all his power; and he was a strong fellow—to turn the bow of the boat down stream, for he wished to go bow down rather than to drift broadside on. One, two strokes were made, a third just as she went over, and the boat was fairly turned; she went down almost beyond our sight, though we were more than a hundred feet above the river. Then she came up again on a great wave, and down and up, then around behind some great rocks, and was lost in the tumultuous foam below.
We stood speechless with fear; we saw no boat; Bradley was gone. But now, away below, we saw something coming out of the waves. It was evidently a boat; a moment more and we saw Bradley standing on deck swinging his hat to show that he was all right. But he was in a whirlpool. The stern-post of his boat remained attached to the line which was in our possession. How badly she was disabled we knew not. I directed Sumner and my brother to run along the cliff and see if they could reach him from below. Rhodes, Hall and myself ran to the other boat, jumped aboard, pushed out, and away we went over the falls. A wave rolled over us and our craft became unmanageable; another great wave struck us, the boat rolled over, and tumbled, and tossed, I know not how. All I know is, that Bradley was soon picking us up. Before long we had all right again, and rowed to the cliff and waited until Sumner and my brother came up. After a difficult climb they reached us, when we ran two or three miles further, and turned again to the northwest, continuing until night, when we ran out of the granite once more.
At twelve o'clock on August 29th we emerged from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and entered a valley from which low mountains were seen coming to the river below. We recognized this as the Grand Wash.
At night we camped on the left bank in a mesquite thicket. The sense of relief from danger, the joy of successes were great. When he who has been chained by wounds to a hospital until his canvas tent seems like a dungeon, and the groans of those who lie about him are an increasing torture—when such a prisoner at last goes out into the open field, what a world he sees! How beautiful the sky, how bright the sunshine, what "floods of delicious music" pour from the throats of the birds, how sweet the fragrance of earth, and tree, and blossom. The first hour of convalescent freedom seems rich recompense for all the pain, the gloom and the terror.
Something like this was the feeling we experienced that night. Ever before us had been an unknown danger heavier than any immediate peril. Every waking hour passed in the Grand Canyon had been one of toil. We had watched with deep solicitude the steady disappearance of our scant supply of rations, and from time to time when we were hungry had seen the river snatch a portion of the little left. Danger and toil were endured in those gloomy depths where often the clouds hid the sky by day, and but a narrow zone of stars could be seen at night. Only during the few hours of deep sleep consequent on hard labor had the roar of the mad waters been hushed; now the danger was over, the toil had ceased, the gloom had disappeared, and the firmament was bounded only by the wide horizon.
The river rolled by in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp was sweet, our joy was almost ecstasy. We sat till long after midnight talking of Grand Canyon, of home, and more than all, of the three men who had left us. Were they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? Were they searching over the desert lands above for water? Or were they nearing the settlements with the same feeling of relief that we ourselves experienced?

He Had His Revenge.

Many years ago a rich man foreclosed a mortgage on a poor man, and, with contemptuous words and gestures, turned the poor man into the street. The poor man came to Chicago and became a millionaire; the rich man went to St. Louis and bought a newspaper. Time at last made all things even, and the St. Louis journalist came to Chicago last week with a lien duster, and by accident met the debtor of many years ago. The latter recognized his heartless creditor, but did not jog at his misery or refuse to help him. "Smith," he said kindly, "let bygones be bygones. I will do what I can for you. Take this note to Mr. Webb and he will find you a berth on the Van Buren street cars as driver." And Mr. Webb did, and Smith froze nine toes, eight fingers, two thumbs, his nose, and both cheeks, that night. The debtor was avenged.

A Scarlet Fever Remedy.

A Buffalo physician offers the following method of treating scarlet fever, which he asserts is reliable, and if faithfully carried out will prevent deaths in four-fifths of the cases that might prove fatal. Scarlet fever should be treated by administering to adults one teaspoonful of brewer's yeast in three tablespoonfuls of water, sweetened, three times daily; and if the throat is much swollen gargle with yeast, and as often as necessary they should apply yeast mixed with corn meal as a poultice. Continue to give yeast tea freely for several days to keep eruption out of the skin.

English Servants.

Mr. Conway, in his last *Commercial* letter, says: "There is no doubt that the English nobility have a way of employing servants which offers grand opportunities to rogues. In most cases the outside of the servants is the chief thing. If the coachman or footman is good looking in his livery and of the required dimensions his character is not inquired into. A well-known duke recently advertised for a footman of exactly five feet eleven and a half inches in height, whose sole business it would be to stand at the back of his coach beside another of like station. A youth, now in the employ of a lady of my acquaintance, applied for the advertised position, and says that his character was not asked for; he was taken into the servants' hall and measured, and dismissed for lacking the half inch demanded by the duke. There is a passion for tallness in servants, and of one noble family at least it is a rule to admit no man servant under six feet. There are six of these eminent personages in their fine mansion. The English servants are good looking, neat, and constitutional flunkies and flunkies. They are very shrewd, and have their class rules very well defined as trades-unions. Downing street does not possess more pigeon-holes and red tape than a mansion of the wealthy. An upper housemaid would die at the stake before she would do a bit of work that came within the province of the under housemaid. A swell butler would throw up his position in the face of the Lord Chancellor himself if he were expected to black his own boots. There are many boys of thirteen kept in brass buttons, and in many an instance the sole duty of this boy is to brush the clothes and boots of the butler, the master of the house having his own separate valet. Of course it is not pride which has made the inflexible laws of etiquette among these servants, by which they refuse to step out of an official groove of function. It is the determination of their class to preserve the conventional number of the servants required for any first-class household. They particularly dislike servants from other countries, especially the Germans, because if well paid and well treated they will do anything requested of them.

Death less Fearful than his Father.

A paper published in Oswego tells this story: A boy who lives in the extreme western part of the city spent nearly all afternoon and evening out in the snow, playing with a neighboring boy—rolling in snow-banks, etc.—with the carelessness and disregard of clothes common to high-lit boys. They played till after dark, and when this lad came to go home his clothes were nearly soaked through. He had been severely punished a few days previous for coming home in that condition, and was told that if he came home in that shape again he would be whipped within an inch of his life. He knew that his father would be as good as his word, and as he thought the matter over, he made up his mind that he would stay out till after the folks had gone to bed, and then crawl into a neighbor's wood-house and stay through the night, and he carried out his plan. Some time during the night the owner of the house was awakened by a noise something like growls; he listened and again heard the sound, which seemed to come from the woodshed, by which he thought was probably a stray dog. The noise continuing, he finally got up, partly dressed himself, took a light, and on going into the shed discovered the boy crouched in one corner, partly covered with some old rags of carpeting or something of that sort, and insensible with cold. He carried him into the house, sent for his family, and after several hours of incessant labor the boy revived. Upon being inquired of why he went into the woodshed, he said it was because he was afraid to go home. That family must be ruled with a severe rod.

Tribulations of an Editor.

The Charleston (Mo.) *Courier* says: Editing a newspaper is a pleasant thing. If it contains too much political matter people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it. If the type is too large it don't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it. If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattle heads; if we omit jokes, they say we are old fossils; if we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving them original selections; if we publish original selections, folks say that we are too lazy, for giving them what they have read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial; if we do not all hands say we are a hog. If we speak well of any net, folks say we dare not do otherwise; if we stay in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

Destroying Insects in Frosty Weather.

It is generally thought that a severe winter is destructive to insect life, and so it probably is to some extent; but by far the greater number of our worst garden pests get sufficiently deep down in the earth to be out of the reach of frost. There is, however, a means of effectually dealing with such as have taken up their winter quarters in uncropped ground. On a hard, frosty day let it be broken up with a pick to the depth to which it is frozen, turning the lumps up as large as possible, so as to expose them, and thereby expose the under surface still further to the influence of frost. This will not only destroy thousands of slugs, snails, wire-worms, and the larvae of similar pests, but it will, at the same time, aerate the soil, and reach by any other means, thereby improving its condition for cropping.

Advertisements.—Newspaper advertising may be compared to a vigilant and watchful salesman, who not only invites business relations, but goes after the public, into its private walks and ways, and its effectiveness must depend largely on the skill employed in presenting the merits of any article to the public eye so as to produce the best results.

A BURNING GAS WELL.

A Wonder of the Pennsylvania Coal Regions—Light for a County.

The following interesting description of a burning well in Pennsylvania has been received by the United States Signal Office in Washington, from Mr. J. Cummings of Tarentum, one of the volunteer observers for the signal service:
On the night of the 21st of February, 1875, I, in company with several others, paid a visit to the great gas well, situated about nine miles from Tarentum and fifteen miles south of Butler, at a place called Larden's Mill, on the farm of Mr. William Hervey, and owned by a company consisting of Messrs. William Hervey, J. S. Vandegrift, and J. McAllister. The well was tapped recently, as I learned from one of the proprietors, in their search after oil. They have gone down a distance of 1,145 feet, and have just struck the first sand rock. The well is located in a hall way about three hundred feet wide, between abrupt hills. Our party came in the vicinity of the well about nine o'clock at night, having seen the vast light floating in the sky on many a dark night on previous occasions thirteen miles distant, but when we came in its immediate influence and saw the trees on either hand lit up, and their trunks and branches silvered to their tops by this burning torch, the scene was beyond description. On arriving at the ground we were met by hundreds of people from all parts of the country who, like ourselves, flock nightly to see this great wonder. The first thing to strike the visitor on arriving is the great mass of the white flame of intense heat and brightness and the hollow rumbling noise heard as the rushing gas plunges into the atmosphere and lights all around by its imposing brilliancy. The flame of this natural torch is about forty feet long and fifteen wide, and keeps at these dimensions night and day with striking regularity. Hence the light is both regular and constant. The heat emitted by so large a body of flame is very great. The trees all around, at proportional distances, are budding, and the grass that has not been trodden down by the throng of visitors is growing finely, and considering that this is mid-winter, this circumstance will give you some idea of the great heat. I approached within sixty feet of the flame, and supposed it to be at that distance about 140 degrees. The place has the character of a camp meeting at night in consequence of the mighty crowds who congregate there. The light is grand. You can see to read with ease a quarter of a mile from this enormous gas jet, and if uninterrupted by trees and the wind of the road reading could be done at the distance of a mile and a half. The noise as the gas rushes out and is consumed is wonderful.

Damages from Saloon Keepers.

A German named Heilmann, who lived near Evansville, Ind., went to that town, became intoxicated, was placed in his wagon by the saloon keepers, and a neighbor hired to drive the team. Standing upright in the wagon was a barrel of salt that Heilmann had purchased in the city and was taking home. While driving along the road, the night being dark, the wagon was driven over a log that lay in the road, causing it to jolt, and overturning the barrel of salt upon the prostrate form of Heilmann. By which he thought was probably a stray dog. The noise continuing, he finally got up, partly dressed himself, took a light, and on going into the shed discovered the boy crouched in one corner, partly covered with some old rags of carpeting or something of that sort, and insensible with cold. He carried him into the house, sent for his family, and after several hours of incessant labor the boy revived. Upon being inquired of why he went into the woodshed, he said it was because he was afraid to go home. That family must be ruled with a severe rod.

Fashion Notes.

The cool, fresh-looking linen lawns, says a fashion journal, are the lowest priced, most durable and tasteful of all cheap fabrics. These cost from twenty-five cents to forty cents a yard. The designs are wavy stripes of coral, blue, or black. There are also many plaids in color, and the usual dots, dashes, stars and lozenges.

Pin-head checks cut to form bias bands will be much used for trimming goods of solid color. This will be especially popular for blue and white summer silks, brown and white, and black with white. When the dress is made of these small checks, large checks are used for borders. Brown and white check silks, trimmed with larger checks, will make pretty traveling dresses for brides.

New square shawls for early spring days have plain centres, with lighter band for borders, and are reversible. Thus a light gray shawl with dark gray border on one side will have the other center of dark gray with light border. The fringe is richly tasseled.

The broad-barred Mexicanines introduced last summer became very popular, and now re-appear in wider open squares and stripes. These are of thin, wavy silk, and are to be made up over blue, coral, pink, black, violet, and, indeed, cardinal red silks, for watering-place dresses. These Mexican goods are also shown in plaids of two colors, such as marine blue with coral, or mauve and coral, or else pale pink.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.
It is far easier to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it like a gentleman.
Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found.
Never despise humble service—when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.
If you are a coward, and friends commend you for your courage, it isn't of you they speak; they take you for another.
In seeming opposition to the natural course of things, some men rise by their gravity, and others sink by their levity. Buy not, sell not, where self-respect is bartered, for that one lost, the main-spring of honor is misted and decayed.
It is so ungenial to the human mind to do nothing, that if a good occupation be not provided, men will occupy themselves perilously, as in gaming and drinking.
Plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliancy.
If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.
Fortune and futurity are not to be guessed at.
A wise man aims at nothing out of his reach.
A flow of words is no proof of wisdom. Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.

A Famous French Surgeon.

A Paris correspondent tells the following anecdote: Dupuytren was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished in an extreme. One day, as he re-entered his house, he found installed in the ante-room an old priest who had long been waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" growled Dupuytren. "I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woollen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. Dupuytren looked at it. "You'll have to do with that," he coolly remarked. "Thanks, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat; "I am much obliged to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself, as with my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and added, "Come to-morrow at eight o'clock to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room in the hospital, and in a month's time the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I can offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from B— in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and, drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying: "It is for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bequeathed himself of the good cure and wrote to him. He came, and Dupuytren received from him the "last consolations" and died in his arms.

An Unhappy Coroner.

He is a solemn looking boy about ten years of age, and he wears a long face as he drops into the coroner's office and remarks: "Shocking murder, wasn't it?" "What! What's that?" exclaims the coroner, springing up. "Chopped her head clean off!" continues the boy, carelessly. "Where—when—what street?" "And she was a perfectly lady!" adds the boy.
"Come on—half a dollar—other coroners—get a hack!" calls the coroner, getting into his overcoat.
"I was speaking of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France in 1793—regular put up job!" demurely replies the lad. "If you want to read the particulars of the case, I'll fetch over the book."
The coroner sits down and contemplates the steaming end of the stick of cordwood protruding from the stove, and the clock on the desk goes ahead with its labor of ticking time into eternity.

How to Destroy Ants.

A chalk mark at least half an inch in depth, around the upper edge of sugar buckets, barrels, etc., will not admit one ant into the interior. The same mark drawn on the edges of shelves will also prevent the approach of an ant, as they are not able to crawl over the chalk. But if they are numerous among jam and jelly pots, take a large sponge, wet it in cold water, squeeze it nearly dry, and then wring the white sugar over it. Place it on the infested shelf, and next morning dip it quickly and carefully into a bowl of boiling water. I tried the experiment in my jelly closet, and killed at least a hundred the first morning. Have set the trap again, and shall continue to do so while one ant remains. Red pepper dusted over their haunts will also destroy them, but the sponge is the surest method.

A Statue While in Debt.

It is rather hazardous to name a child after or to build a monument to a living man. He may not turn out as well as was expected, and then the name and monument will be somewhat mortifying. But there is a village in France where they will not build a monument to a great man even when he is dead, unless his debts are paid. A recent French traveler who visited Milly says:
A pedestal which awaits its monument stands at the entrance of a square in Milly village.
I asked, "What is that?"
I was told, "It is the pedestal of Mous. de Lamartine's statue."
"I inquired, 'Has that statue not been made yet?'"
The question was scarcely out of my mouth when an old peasant, with a wheel-shaped face, came up to me and said, with the dryness of a legal writ: "Business has not yet been settled. Lamartine still owes money; he owes to workmen and to farmers, and they are waiting for all those accounts to be liquidated, because it is not desirable to erect a statue to a man in debt."

A Man who Always Finds Water.

Capt. John S. Godfrey of New Hampshire will shortly visit California on a professional tour for the purpose of locating living streams and springs of water, and also mineral bodies of every description. Capt. Godfrey claims no supernatural power in the accomplishment of his work, but declares it to be simply a sensitive organism or powerful current of electricity in himself, so powerful as to attract him irresistibly to living streams and mineral deposits beneath the surface. During the late war he located all the wells for the use of the army under Gen. Howard's command, and at Hampton Falls, N. H., where land was rendered valueless for want of water, he located streams which now supply all needed demands.

Met a Fellow.

"There is a being who has caused more trouble to womankind than any other. It is the 'fellow' who is always being 'met,' and thereby keeps anxious females on the watch at windows at all sorts of unholy hours.
How many years of her life does a woman spend looking out of the window for men who are overdue! The *Ledger* says, 'I have not lived half of my three score and ten years yet, and I am sure I have wasted time enough in the fruitless operation to have made myself mistress of all the hieroglyphics ever discovered. One thing only have I learned, that men, like the peasant woman's 'watched pot that never boils,' never comes when he is looked for; and that, whenever I have occasion, I invite the influenza by sitting in a strong draught with my eyes fixed on the farthest point possible, with visions of hospital ambulances and woeful telegrams before my eyes, whenever any one from my grandfather to my little nephew doesn't 'arrive himself' in proper time. All women do it, and many thanks they get for their anxiety. You may cry your eyes weak and your nose red, go through all the agonies of hope deferred, become angry, get over your anger to plunge into the depths of woe, make sure that you are bereaved of your best-beloved relative, and wait in calm despair to know the worst, and when he comes, he is brother, husband, or son, grandfather, uncle, or cousin, perchance a lover, he hasn't the slightest idea of your sufferings, and inquires, 'Well, Polly, what's the matter? You look solemn!' 'Solemn! Well, you know enough not to fling yourself into his arms and cry, 'The sea has given up its dead,' or anything of that sort. You say 'Ah!' in an offended tone, or an unmanly calm one, and perhaps remark that 'dinner was burnt to a crisp four hours ago;' or that you have 'sat with your bonnet on ready for the concert from seven until nine,' and wait for some explanation. It is sometimes vexatious, and then generally proves to be—'Met a fellow.'
A fellow, meeting a fellow is reason enough for any amount of staying out. Who is a fellow? I wonder, that he should outgrow wife, mother, and sweetheart, daughter, niece, and aunt? Why should a fellow have such influence? No one ever sees a fellow, or hears his whole name. He is never produced. Ask after him, and you hear that he is not the sort of fellow to be introduced. He is never brought home. Apparently he is not good enough; but he is important enough to upset a household, to keep meals waiting, to keep people up until midnight; to have met him is ample excuse for anything forgetful or neglectful.

From Etchings in "Scribner."

There was a minister deprived for inconsistency, who said to some of his friends: "That if they deprived him, it should cost an hundred men's lives." The party understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved Scotland, and complained of him. Whereupon being convicted and apposed upon the speech, he said: "His meaning was, that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic; and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time."
Cicero was at dinner, where there was an ancient lady that spoke of her years, and said: "She was but forty years old." One that sat by Cicero rounded him in the ear and said: "She talks of forty years old, and she is far more, out of question." Cicero answered him again: "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years."
There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Caesar of huris he had received in his face. Julius Caesar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him: "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you look back."
One of the fathers said: "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Hints to Horse Fanciers.

If your horse is in the habit of kicking, use a low board and your horse will soon get over it.
Keep your horse fat; don't allow any one to get a lien on him.
When your horse refuses to take up an oat, consider him as having failed.
To make your horse very fast, tie him with halters.
Look carefully after the bits of your horse, or you may soon be looking after the bits of your wagon.
If you have the proper address you may receive a couple of lines from a horse, but on no account drop a line.
However well you may be attached to your horse, you must be certain that your horse is well attached to your carriage.
When you tell a horse to "get up," look well to his "get up." Some horses get up within the buggy, but, like deep sorrow, "leave their traces behind."

Lands Giving Out.

The inhabitants of the United States have thought the vast territories of the West almost boundless, and capable of giving homes to immigrants for a century to come. It is startling, therefore, to be told that the boundary for profitable immigration is nearly reached, and that the new-comers from Europe must seek a home in the older States.
Gen. Hazen, in an interesting article in the *North American Review* on "The Great Middle Region of the United States," declares that a large part of this great middle region is worthless for cultivation, and can never support a settled population. It will not answer even for profitable grazing. He pronounces most of the railroad schemes through this large to be frauds on the public, as no large settlements can ever be formed along the routes. The chief difficulty lies in the want of water. There are no streams, springs are hard to find in digging, and the water is very impure. The soil is very fertile, but this is of no avail while water is wanting.

Items of Interest.

Old time rocks—Rocking the cradle.
How to signal a bark—Pull a dog's tail.
A good excuse for borrowers—It's Lent.
Benjamin Franklin was a printer, and he said: "My son, deal only with men who advertise."
A young man has sued his barber for cutting off his mistake. The barber says he didn't see it.
Gentlemen who talk incorrectly are the ones who make the largest fuss if they are not reported correctly.
Samuel W. Allen of Nevada is believed to be the greatest lordship in the world. His ranch is eighty miles long, and he owns 225,000 head of cattle.
The Sultan of Turkey is in the enjoyment of an income of ten millions of dollars a year, and his entertainments are fabulous for their splendor, variety and quantity.
The man who predicted a mild and open winter, because the hair on squirrels' tails were not as thick as usual, had his ears frozen four inches deep the other morning.
The other day the town clerk of Fairport, Ill., advertised that "all persons not having licensed dogs must call on the undersigned within thirty days and obtain one."
The commerce of France is passing beyond any period in its history. The exports and imports of 1874 amounted to over \$1,500,000,000, largely exceeding any former year.
Since the suspension of specie payments in 1862, the State of Massachusetts has paid for premium on gold to meet its liabilities up to January 1, 1875, the sum of \$2,917,763.67.
Mrs. Jepson, who lectures in and around Boston, was born deaf and dumb. From girlhood she has gradually acquired the faculty of hearing and speaking, until now there are only a few letters which she cannot utter distinctly.
Seldom in the national history have there been so general a release of old alabamers from the cares of public life. Of the twenty-five Legislatures in which elections have been held, only four have returned the present Senators.
The hunting for Indians' skulls and thigh-bones on the plains is reported to be very profitable business. The skulls are worth \$1.25 for combs, and the thigh of the red man makes knife-handlers that are equal to ivory in appearance.
A French traveler arrived in Paris the other day from the Cape of Good Hope, bringing with him a diamond larger and more beautiful than the celebrated Regent's diamond. It is of the purest water, and is worth more than \$1,400,000. It was found in an old abandoned mine called the Devil's Table.
It is said that kerosene and rats have no affection for each other. The kerosene is not particularly sensitive, but the rats are, and refuse to live in the same cellar or shed where kerosene is kept. A great quantity of kerosene is not necessary, as they only require a steady odor of it for a brief season to be looking up another boarding-house.

David Crockett, after returning home from his first trip to New York, gave his backwoods audience his idea of the first gentleman in the metropolis: "Philip Hone is the most gentlemanly man in New York, boys, and I'll tell you how I know it. When he asks you to drink he don't hand you a glass—he puts the decanter on the table, and walks off to the window and looks out until you have finished."

Gibbs, of Helena, Colorado, is a murderer who has escaped conviction through a legal quibble. Thirty vigilantes surrounded his house in the night and commanded him to come out to be hung. He refused. They set fire to the house. When the flames had grown too close for a longer stay inside, Gibbs sprang suddenly out of a window with a revolver in each hand, and began firing rapidly at his assailants. Three of them were killed, two wounded, and the rest fled, leaving a coil of rope behind them.

There was a minister deprived for inconsistency, who said to some of his friends: "That if they deprived him, it should cost an hundred men's lives." The party understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved Scotland, and complained of him. Whereupon being convicted and apposed upon the speech, he said: "His meaning was, that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic; and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time."
Cicero was at dinner, where there was an ancient lady that spoke of her years, and said: "She was but forty years old." One that sat by Cicero rounded him in the ear and said: "She talks of forty years old, and she is far more, out of question." Cicero answered him again: "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years."
There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Caesar of huris he had received in his face. Julius Caesar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him: "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you look back."
One of the fathers said: "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Hints to Horse Fanciers.

If your horse is in the habit of kicking, use a low board and your horse will soon get over it.
Keep your horse fat; don't allow any one to get a lien on him.
When your horse refuses to take up an oat, consider him as having failed.
To make your horse very fast, tie him with halters.
Look carefully after the bits of your horse, or you may soon be looking after the bits of your wagon.
If you have the proper address you may receive a couple of lines from a horse, but on no account drop a line.
However well you may be attached to your horse, you must be certain that your horse is well attached to your carriage.
When you tell a horse to "get up," look well to his "get up." Some horses get up within the buggy, but, like deep sorrow, "leave their traces behind."

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